mine again, somehow my muff was on the snow at our feet, and both my hands were in his.

'Miss Deane—Annie—I can help you

with my whole life, Annie!"
And, after that, is it any wonder it

paused together in the porch—for this one day we would not call in any

glanced up shyly at him, and it would have discomfited me to see how his

face changed, paling at that word, if his hand had not closed on mine with

a tightening grasp which made me ashamed of a dawning doubt that he

The voice, full of a strange pain, startled me. Could this day have any

pain in it?

Perhaps he read that thought—h

was always so quick to understand-for he said: "I have a story to tell you.

ought to part us? and would you rath-or wait to hear it until to-morrow?"

o'clock and our dinner hour."

of Christmas cheer grow more and more frequent under old Lethe's able admin

wanted it. "Annie-"

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BOWEL TROUBLES

There are very few who do not know of the little bank growing alongaides of our moontains and hills: but very few realize the fact, that the Rittle parpie berry, which as many of us have extent in most every shape, there is a principle in it having a wonderful effect on the bowels. Dr. Bigger's Huckteberry Cordial is the onacer soft the testing, and cause Marachas. When it is considered that at this assess of the lowest are so frequent, and we hear of a many deaths occurring before a physician can be called in, it is important that every house-hold should provide themselves with some speedy relief, a close of which will relieve the sain and save much anxiety. Dr. Biggers Hackteberry Cordial is a simple removed which any child is pieased to take.

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[1y Jan 1-'45]

Having bought out Dr. R. R. Bourne my of-fee will be in the Inture over Bank of Hop-kinsville, corner 8th and Main Sts. If C. E. MEDLEY.

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All Sorts of

Ferhaps something more than content flashed into it just then, when that thought of mine was broken short off by a sharper clatter of those hedge-row boughs, and some one sprang down through the gap, bringing with him a little clatter of falling icicles into the road before me. For, as we shook hands, there was a pleased look in his eyes, and he said, with some abruptness:

"You are a little glad to see me? You won't mind my finishing your walk with you?" hurts and many sorts of ails of man and beast need a cooling lotion. - Mustang Liniment. You won't mind my finishing your walk with you?"

I tried to answer carelessly, though it was not so easy, under that gaze of his: "Oh, if you are of a zoological turn this morning, I am going in search of foxtall and crow-foot. I marked a quite splendid bed down by the brook in the woods in a sheltered spot where I dare say this light snow has not covered it. The girls tell me they are not in the habit of putting Christmas evergreens about the house, but I always did it at home, and..."

The Mirror

is no flatterer. Would you make it tell a sweeter tale? Magnolia Balm is the charmer that almost cheats the looking-glass.

Mrs. John Coleman, of Owen coun- tore, in my confusion, I could drop ty, was bitten on the finger by a black spider while making up a bed and died the next day from the effects. The spider's body was as large as a half dollar.

OLD BEN'S EXPLANATION.

Story That Made the Judge Compromise with the Law. "Old man, the charge is assaulting An officer of the court, An officer of the court.
And resisting the execution
Of a warrant easys the reports,
In a suit for rent uon-payment,
In a Mistress Mary Lee.
Ard you guilty, or not guilty?
I'm rendy to bear your plea."

"Well, Jedge, I 'appe' l'ée guilty Ou 'medjerment by de law Ob what id un ter de ge man, An jedgin' hit in de raw; But, Jedgo, w'en yer beahs de staten How de fracus cum ter be, I hopes yer il make de sentuns Es light ez yer kin on me.

"Yer see. Miss Mary am sickly, A pinny mite ob a Ying, An lone her collest husban." Dess a yesh ago last spring. Doy was pe' an 'libbin' astrony (in de leethe he yearn'd at law, 'Kase doy nach ully less dore force At de Dustin' up o' de wab.

"An some Marse Lee was tooken An' lof' her all alone. Bre sin't bed since' nuffin' Dat she cut call her own; An' me an' my ole 'oman, A'knowin' her sense she's bo's, Divided our rashuns wie 'er 'Ter be'p 'er, off an' on.

"But yiet day answnin' ariy
Wen die badiff eum ter hân'
An' awe hie us gwins to lebby
On her ch ry pot an pan,
I becken' 'un round de co'ner,
An' stred 'un' 'llen' to brash,
An 'l'i git yer up de nuony
By pawadin' sum o' my trash.'

"But he wouldn' wait for or minut An' sed dut she had for gn-Dut he 'ux g wine for seeze de premis" An 'intion up de do' 'm bailist Den, Jedge, I forgot he' 'm bailist And sarvin a writ ob oote-

"I dess seed dat halliff libbin'
For long befo' de wah,
In er house tid Marster gib' im
Tor sheltah his po' ole mat:
An' de patch he had for nuffia'
On de udder side de creekAn' me al-duir em rashina
Ders cons uniy ebery week.

"An' de way dis balliff wuz actin Ter Ole Marso's oulles' to be Dess made my han' foel savidge Au' all my blood ter bile! I forgot erbout oue and cullers, An de case warn't none ob min I was back on de obe plandachus An a actin' on dat line!

"Au' dat aim de reezin, Joatiy,
I couldn't keep onder chook,
But tuck 'im up by de alsack-lam'
An' by 'is akrawny neck
An' liff de 'im ober de pickets,
liut dur I los' my grip—
Au' dat s wlut made 'm. I rockun,
Hit de pabement so k'blip!"

"That will do," the Judge said, dryly;
"Code, section eighteen—ten—
Some sase put that here, likely—
But you re discharged, Old Ben!
Put up that window there, bailiff—
It's too warm here for me!
Mr. Clerk, say 'fined live dollars,'
And here's your groen old V."
—Som W. Smell, in Allanda Constitute

THE SHORTEST DAY.

And Yet How Much It Held fo One Poor Woman I

How long is that of most people, wonder? Some perhaps can number the full six hundred and thirteen thousand six hundred and eight hours of the allotted threescore years and ten, while others outlast the pre-Adamic day of the geologist, and cover all eternity. But mine was just the ordinary daylight one, the shortest in the year, too, for it was the twenty-first of De-

And even short as it was, I had already wasted some hours of it. Had I thought it would have set so soon I might have been up at its dawning, though usually I hold, with Lever, that the sun looks best-as every one elecdoes-when he's up and dressed for the dox, and that it's a piece of impertment curiosity to peep at bim when he's ris-ing and at his toilet; he has not rubbed the clouds out of his eyes, or you dared

to put aside the shadow of my craps, and show them a contented face. And

not look at him. But when one's sun shines such a little while as mine, might not one be pardoned for rushing to the levee at an unfashionable hour? Yet it was noon before I was out in She had closed the door behind her, and had come forward into the full glow of the Christmas wood fire blazing on the hearth. A stranger, certainly; if I had ever seen her before, I should never have forgotten her.

She was standing on the hearth, and driw her slender gloved hands ont of the folds of her cashmere shawl, holding them to the warmth, before she turned to us the fairest face I have ever accept the fairest face one ever dreamed. Yet it was noon before I was out in the bright glow, trudging down the hane with yesterday's fall of snow crisping under my feet, and has night's sleet clushing overhead, as the wind eaught at the straggling, overgrown hedge-row boughs, and sent them ringing togother, with such an icy-jewcled flash and splendor of green and gold and red and blue as summer, with all her wealth of leaves and bloesoms, could not rival. The very splendor promised the glittering mockery but a short life; the san is a traitor with his kisses, and the warmth of them would soon wither away the snow wreaths, making their delicate mimicry of the white May and the hawthorn in the hedge. But meantime they were very fair, and the snow lay light and white under the great peach orchards that had their icy sparkle too, as they swept away, in gentle undulations, right and left of the still lane. And the blue sky had the merest snow-flake of a cloud drifting along, and the sun was shining full upon me, and somehow a glint of it had got into my heart, though there was nothing in particular to bring it there. Christmas was so near, the first I had spent out of my old home, so empty now; and Father Christmas, when he comes to us with a changed face, has the saddest of all looks. Yet I did not intend to mope. Aunt Margaret and the girls were friendly and kind, and the least I could do would be to put aside the shadow of my crape, and show them a contented face. And

turned to us the fairest face I have ever seem—the fairest face one ever dreamed. Only that would have been a strange, Fouque-like dream in which such a vision should come.

It could not have been after-knowledge on my part, for before she spoke, while she still fronted us with that gay smile upon her perfect lips, I thought of Undine in her soulless leveliness, light-hearted, glad, careless of others pain because she could not feel it. There is the Undine nature in a child, too, for whom there exists no pain that too, for whom there exists no pain that does not bruise its own tender flesh, and that soft hardness made itself feli in eyery line and curve about this wom-an, as she stood there, white and golden, looking at us out of those great brilliant eyes, of which I have read

you were here, perhaps; that you were often here; and so I came," she said, still looking at Brian.

I turned and looked at him too then; the clear, soft, shallow, child voicebroke the spell.

But he never saw me. His eyes were

riveted on her—just as a man might look who sees a ghost. And then she smiled. She had been beautiful before, but now her beauty was bewildering. She stretched out her hands to him.

"Have you never a word of wel-He drew a long, hard breath, and passed his hand heavily over his eyes. He never once glanced my way, though I felt he saw me all the while. He an-swered her slowly:

swered her slowly:

"How is it you are not dead, Louise? For nearly seven years you have allowed me to believe you were."

She laughed a mocking little laugh Though she did not turn toward me, I knew she had flashed a glance at me, "Have you been a disconsolate widower sil that time, my poor Brian? It was very wicked of me, of course. But then, you see, I always hated poverty; and you were so very impecuni-

She made a playful courtesy as she

spoke.

"Only he fancied it was laid away underground," she added. "Perhaps he has told you of our runaway match when he was at college, and how angry poor mamma was, and hushed the matter up, and carried me away to Europe to finish my school days there. And there it was that mamma made her brilliant second marriage—a real, true German baron; and we went away And, after that, is it any wonder if the sun shone straight into my heart? I don't think our researches would have added much to the cause of either zoology or botany that day. On the latter especially my lover would have made strange confusion, insisting that we were passing under quite a number of mistletoe boughs, if my superior knowledge of the science had not set him right. We did find the crow-foot, however, and, as I had expected, not too deep in the snow. But when he had torn up a long spray of it and flung it trailing over my shoulder. I stayed his hand. Madge and I could come some other day for some—thore was plenty of time before Christmas—but to-day's in-gathering I meant to keep all to myself.

At least for this one day, I told him. keep all to myself.
At least for this one day, I told him, when we had reached the house and

aren't so constant, and you might have married, you know—"

He interrupted her, hoarse with pas-sion: "And how do I know that you—"

"Oh, Brian, how can you! As if that one, however friendly, to see what it had brought me; but to-night, when he was gone, then I would tell Aunt Margaret that I was to be his wife. I said the word in a little flutter as we stood there together, for already he had been asking me how long I meant to keep his own from him. As I said it, I may a match for me, and of course that glanged up shyll at him and it would. ty, plaintive fall in voice and cyclids, come and gone as swiftly as a child's grave look)—'he was quite set on making a match for me; and of course that wouldn't do at all, you know. Dear mamma was content to let me enjoy life in my own way; but after she was gone, the step-papa became just a little difficult. And so— Well, Brian, I knew you were no longer a poor man, and that I should not drag you down now. And so I have come back to you, if you will have me." She put out her hands then in the pretriest pleading way. If I had been a man—

But Brian did not soften in the least. He had pent up his wrath now, and had

it under his control; but his voice was still hoarse as he said to her:
"I shall take pains to learn whether all this is truth. Meanwhile we will Annie, a story that may take some of the brightness out of this hour for you, as it has taken all the brightness out of the last seven years of my life until now. Shall I tell it you now? Or can you trust me that it is nothing which

all this is truth. Meanwhile we will not trespass any longer upon Miss Deane's patience. I shall take you back to my house, and will set out within the hour for Vienna. Miss Deane will pardon-"
There he broke off huskily. He had

I could trust him; ay, rather, I could not distrust him; and I told him so. Let us live this day out without a shadow; afterward, if shadows must come, he should lead me safely through not once lifted his eyes to me since first they fell upon her shadow which the waning sunset cast between us.
But—how I had the strength I denot know—but I went straight up to her and took her hand, and kissed her them.
"There is no danger in the shadow,
Annie; there is only something for us
both to forget."
"Let us forget it now, then. See,
there is Aunt Margaret at the window
signing to me; she is afraid I shall let
her neighbor so offend against her good on the pretty smooth white brow as she lifted up her face to mine. Is ther. woman born who can keep anger for a pretty child? And there are some peo ple who never outgrow the charm and irresponsibility of childhood; if they pluck at one's heart-strings with their old-fashioned hospitality as to go away to his bachelor's hall, when it is three careless fingers until one could be stung into giving them a blow or The shortest day of all the year. We were watching its setting from the library window, we two left alone, for Madge and Fanny had driven into the shake, one must kiss and friends afterward. And then turned to him—I must have had a vision of how it would all end; for she was wonderfully fair; she had been his

village for the mail, and Aunt Marga-ret was summoned to one of those kitchen-cabinet councils which in view first love; she would be his last. I turned to him. turned to him.

"I am sure you will find all as she has said, and that you will forgive her. I don't think I shall be here still when istration. So we two were standing together in the bay-window, watching the crimson glow fade off from the wide snow stretch of lawn that sloped down to the lane, dotted here and there you come back from your long journey, so you must let me give you my best wishes now. Our hands met for one instant-not

with a black-green pyramid of fir, be-tween the naked cake, when presently I caught sight of something moving across their shadows flung stiff and dark against the white. our eyes; we neither of us could bear that. Then our hands fell apart, and presently I was alone. My day was over; twilight darkened in the window, gray and blank. And after twilight? Just a paragraph in a book I have ne one is coming," I said, break-

a paragraph in a b ing the happy silence. "A lady, I Just a paragraph in a book I have thought—though I wonder who it could been turning over by my solitary firebe, walking."

"What a bore!"

Just a paragraph in a book I have been turning over by my solitary firebe, walking."

It says:

"What a bore!"
"Oh, she'll not be shown in hero and unless you feel disposed to go to Aunt Margaret's assistance—"There are women who live all their lives long in the cold white moonlight of other people's reflected joy. It is not a bad kind of light to live in, after lorary opening from the lawn. The visitor must have observed us at the window; some one on sufficiently uncorremonious terms.

It was a stranger.

There are women who live all their lives long in the cold white moonlight of other people's reflected joy. It is not a bad kind of light to live in, after all. It may leave some dark, ghostly corners in the heart unwarmed, but, like other moonlight, it lets a great deal be seen overhead that sunshine hides."—Harper's Weekly.

A PROFESSOR'S GAME.

His Students Are Determined to Haze Him, and He Humors the Boys. A party of smart young students in a certain town in Kentucky conceived the brilliant idea last winter of hazing their new professor. It was decided coon-hunling, and after leading him about in the woods until completely bewildered to abandon him, and let him find his way back to the settlement or remain in the woods all night. Now, as the professor was a stranger and weighed over two hundred pounds, and weighed over two hundred pounds, this scheme seemed too funny for anything, and many a hearty laugh did they have over it. The 'invitation was given and accepted; the appointed night came, cold and clear with several feet of snow on the ground. Every thing moved along as arranged. The professor seemed guileless and unsuspecting, but beneath its puffy cyclids now and then gleamed an amening twinkle. They had night an amusing twinkle. They had plod-ded through the snow for several hours, somewhere:

"Alive in their depths, as the Kraken beneath the sea blue"—
eyes which I would fain have followed, for they fixed themselves on Brian. Only I could not, that face so held me.

"They told me at your house that you were often here; and so I came," she said, often here; and so I came," she said,

Talk about scared boys. Here they were nearly five miles from the nearest were nearly five miles from the nearest house and an apparently dying man on their hands. Something must be done, and quickly, too. A litter was hastily improvised, and with coats for cush-ions, the professor was gently laid thereon and homeward they started, a sorry set of practical jokers, taking turns at carrying their massive pre-ceptor.

Not a sound was heard but the moans of the professor and the grunts of the students, who were straining every nerve to keep from jostling the patient. After what seemed a score of miles, the weary, bedraggled fellows carefully lowered their burden to anatch a few minutes' rest before entering the village, which was within a stone's throw, when, what was their surprise to see the professor leisurely arise from his comfortable couch and cooly observe:

"Much obliged, boys! much obliged! But one word. The next time I wanted to play practical jokes I would seed to play practical jokes I would select an invalid for a subject," and with

a chuckle he strode off.

And those boys sat there in the snow and swore until they melted a place about them of half an acre.—Sam, the

it. The girls tell me they are not in the habit of putting Christmas evergreens about the house, but I always did it at home, and—"

He understood me at once. He said, with his rare gentleness: "And you are trying hard to keep some of the old Christmas feeling about you. You must forgive me if I can not help seamg something of your brave straggle, and yearning to help you in it."

Yearning! It was a strong word, but his eyes made it stronger, as I could not help glancing up to see. And be-

JAPANESE HOUSES.

Why They Are Far Ahead of America

It is getting to be very embarrassing. this civilization, especially to women. We are accumulating so much, our establishments are becoming so complicated, that daily life is an effort. There are too many "things." Our houses are get-ting to be museums. A house now is a library an art callery, a brie-a-brao library an art callery, a brie-a-brao library, an art gallery, a bric-a-brac shop, a furniture ware-house, a crock-ery store, combined. It is a great es-tablishment run for the benefit of ser-vants, plumbers, furnace-men, grocers, tinkers. Regarded in one light, it is a very interesting place, and in another, it is an eleembaynary institution. We are accustomed to consider it a mark of high civilization; that is to say, the more complicated and over-loaded we make our domestic lives, the more civilization. Chicago.

—Rev. James A. Little, for the past seventeen years pastor of the Presbyterian Church of Hokendaqua, Pa., has not missed a single service during that make our domestic lives, the more civilized we regard ourselves. Now perhaps we are on the wrong track altogether. Perhaps the way to high civilization is toward simplicity and disentanglement, so that the human beings will be less a slave to his surroundings and impedimenta, and have more leisure for his own cultivation and enjoyment. Perhaps life on much simpler terms than we now carry it on with would be on a really higher plane. We would be on a really higher plane. We have been looking at some pictures of Japanese dwellings, interiors. How simple they are! how little furniture or adornment! how few "things" to care for and be anxious about! Now the Japanese are a very ancient people. They are people of high breeding, polish, refinement. They are in some respects like the Chinese, who have passed through ages of cycles of experience, worn out about all the philosophies and sullicious them. all the philosophies and religions then on, and come out on the other side of every thing. They have learned to take things rather easily, not to fret, and to get on without a great many en-cumbrances that we still wearily carry along. When we look at the Japanese shouses and at their comparatively simple life, are we warranted in saying that they are behind us in civilization? May it not be true that they have lived through all our experience, and come down to an easy modus vivendi? They may have had their bric-a-brac period, their overloaded-establishment age, their various measles stages of civilization, before they reached which life is a comparatively simple affair. This thought must strike any affair. This thought must strike any one who sees the present Japanese craze in this country. For, instead of adopting the Japanese simplicity in our dwellings, we are adding the Japanese eccentricities to our other accumulations of odds and ends from all creation, and increasing the increasing the proporties and the contraction. increasing the incongruity and the com-plication of our daily life. What a help-less being is the housewife in the midst of her treasures! The Drawer has had occasion to speak lately of the recent enthusiasm in this country for the "cul-tivation of the mind." It has become almost a fashion. Clubs are formed for this express purpose. But what chance is there for it in the increasing anxieties

dwellings and for getting rid of much of our embarrassing menage!—Charles Dudley Warner, in Harper's Magazine.

CURIOUS NAMES. The Pretty Romance Concerning the

of our more and more involved and overloaded domestic life? Suppose we

Westminster Abbey is dead. I knew the firm of Abbey & Freeman. I al. quarts,-Judge. ways wondered why his parents gave him such a name, but perhaps they had heard of Westminster Abbey as a place of fame, and therefore determined to give their child immediate distinction. It is difficult to imagine why parents make such ridiculous selections—Pre-served Fish, for instance. This man was a very successful merchant, and founded the opulent house of Fish, Grinnell & Co., at present Grinnell, Minturn & Co. An ingenious fiction says he was a babe east on the beach by the waves that broke over a wreck, and the waves that broke over a wreek, and his rescuers named him in memory of this event. All nonsense! He came from New Bedford (where the family is well known) in company with the Grin-nells, and they established themselves here in trade. Some other odd names are found among our old families, and I mention "Return Jonathan Meige" as I mention "Return Jonathan Meige" as one instance in which the oddity may be explained. Jonathan Meigs was a Connecticut youth who courted a girl with such little success that he defermined to make a final effort, and then, if refused, to finally withdraw. Accordingly he called on the hard-hearted fair one, and being again refused he took his departure, but before he got out of the house he heard the exclamation: "Return Jonathan!" The youth returned, and found the hard heart had suddenly become tender: the fair one. suddenly become tender; the fair one, indeed, had changed her mind with that rapidity which is the privilege of the sex. They were married, and as a very natural result the first boy that blessed the happy union was named in honor of that critical time in their courtship. Return Jonathan Meigs became a man of some distinction, and held the office of Postmaster-General under Monroe's administration. I may add that Howland Fish, cashier of the First National Bank of Johnsontown, has the certificate of appointment of his grandfather as post-mister of that place in 1816, signed by Return Jonathan Meigs, Postmaster-General.—N. Y. Cor. Troy Times.

A Prudent Father.

There is a village not quite one hundred miles from Boston which contains a minister who is, noted for the number a minister who is, noted for the number of marriages of minors consummated during his pastorate. Ministers who for the sake of a petty fee will ruthlessly destroy the happiness of two homes by their "no-question-asked" policy, ought to be looked up as dangerous members of society. With two children scarcely out of their grammar school likely to fancy that they love each other, and a minister of this kind within fifteen miles, no home is safe from these clandstine no home is safe from these claudestinmarriages, and parents, to protect their homes, would do well to do as the father of a "spoony" young son did recently. He filed the correct ages of his son and his intended with the town registrars and resident elergymen within a radius of ten miles, and warned them that the marriage would be illegal because his son was a minor.—Beston Traveller.

-One lady in a Massachusetts town does not admire "crushed roses." A bonnet was sent her from New York through the mail. Uncle Sam, as might be expected, sat down on it hard, and, O, what a bonnet!—Boston Journal.

—A Connecticut editor was married the other day, and had his paper printed in rose color to signalize the event.

RELIGIOUS AND EDUCATIONAL.

-Prof. Dana of Yale College, says geology furnishes no satisfactory testi mony as to changes of species. -The University of Southern California has received bequests of land and money to the value of \$400,000.

-G. I. Romanes, the distinguished for five years.

—A man said to me the other night: "Jones, I wouldn't have missed your sermon for ten dollars," and vet when the plate was passed around that man put in a copper cent.—Sam Jones in Chicago.

entire period on account of sickne most remarkable record.-Philadelphia -Chinese children turn their backs

on the teacher when they recite. There is no catechising of children in the Chinese schools; they simply learn a thiug by heart and go up and repeat it with their faces turned from the blackboard and teacher. - Chicago Journal. —The Philadelphia Sunday Breakfast Association furnishes eight hundred and fiffty peor people with breakfasts every Sunday morning. Four corned beef sandwiches and three cups of coffee,

with milk and sugar, make the break-fast, and singing and regular church services follow until ten o'clock. -The Indian Witness, speaking on the Hindoo charities in Calcutta, says that they usually take the form of the daily distribution of food. It mentions one Rajah who daily feeds from three to

six hundred persons, and several others who feed from thirty to lifty every day "Go back and tell your people to Angel Gabriel," was the reply of a prominent divine to the committee from a Meriden church, after they had stated the qualifications which the pastor must possess to be eligible to a call from their fastidious congregation.—New London

Telegraph -A mission band of children in the —A mission band of children in the little village of Keehonkson, Ulster County, N. Y., is trying to raise money for missionary purposes by gathering and selling trailing arbutus, which grows luxuriously on the Shawangunk Mountains. The children have already account of the country of the cou received a good many orders from this and other cities where their novel scheme is known.—N. Y. Sun.

-Steamboat Frank, a Modoe Indian who was captured at the time of the Modoc war, and who is still a prisoner of the United States, is attending, by permit of the Government, the Oak permit of the Govarnment, the Oak Grove Seminary in Maine. He now calls himself Frank Modoe, and is study-ing for the ministry. He is making good progress in his studies, and is ap-parently a devout Christian. He is proud of his descent from a long line of Modoe chieftians, and conducts himself with trea Italia, dignits. with true Indian dignity.

WIT AND WISDOM.

have clubs—Japanese clubs they migh be called—for the simplification of ou —Explanations from the youth who was forcibly ejected from a West-Side residence the other evening are unnecessary. The reason was a parent.—
Detroit Free Press.

—Sarcastic wife—Coming home as usual, I suppose? Fond-of-staying-out-late husband—Yes, certainly. Sarcas-tic wife—Well, put this letter in the first him well as a thrifty business man, and mall in the morning, and if you meet

-"Mamma," said Johnny, "can any-body hear with their mouth?" "No, child, I don't think they can," replied the mother. "Then, mamma, what made Mr. Jones tell sister he wanted to tell her something and put his lips to her mouth instead of her ear?"—Chicago Tribune.

—Dinner table.—Little Millie (to her father, who has given her the smallest plece of pie on the plate)—"Papa, why is my piece of pie like Europe?" Papa, thoughtfully—"I don't know; why is it?" Millie—"Because it is the smallest of the sma of the grand divisions." Fact. - Bosto

-A German theorist has undertaken —A German theorist has undertaken to make a microscope of sufficient power to make a bee's sting look like a telegraph pole. We have long wondered why something wasn't done to make that plaguey thing look somewhere near as large as it feels when it gets into a man's neck.—Binghampton Republican.

—The plain principles of truth and honesty are familiar to most of us, and need no elaborate argument to elucidate or uphold them. They demand our unhesitating obedience, and the more cheerfully and promptly we act upon them, the more firm, manly and consistent will our characters become.

—N. Y. Ledger.

—N. Y. Ledger.

—De Jones—Miss Mimosa, who is that vulgar-looking woman over there by the mantel-plece? She looks like a regular firiffin. Miss Mimosa—Why, how you talk—that's my step-mother. De Jones—Oh, yes. Yes, to be sure. How silly of me. I ought to have been able to trace the family resemblance.—

—Chicago Rambler. -Chicago Rambler.

— "How are you getting on?" asked Yeast of young Crimsonbeak, whom he met on the street the other day. "First rate," was the young man's reply. "What are you doing?" further queried Yeast. "I'm a medical director in an institution down town." "A medical director!" "Yes; you see I direct envelopes in a patent-medicine house." "Oh." — Youkers Statesman.

"Oh."—Yonkers Statesman.
—The young lady sept her intended husband her photograph, which pleased him very well. They met a day or two after, when the following conversation took place: "It is very like you dear. It so much resembles the real that I have kissed it over and over again." "And did it kiss you back again, William?" "Oh, no, dear." "Then it is not at all like me."—N. Y. Telegram.

not at all like me."—N. Y. Telegram.

—Not over one worfan in one thousand in China can read or write. A married man in that country can therefore leave in his inside coat-pocket, when he hands the garment to his wife to sew on a button, a sweet-scented note beginning. "Darling Bung-Lung." and ending, "Your own Yingie," with only one chance in a thousand of being found out.—Norristown Herald. —The parent * teacher may com-mand, or exhort ar restrain, or advise in the wisest way; but if the constant

in the wisest way; but if the constant influence of companiouship, or books, or occupations, or amusements work in the opposite direction, it will be labor thrown away. The rules of grammar, learned over so thoroughly, will nover counteract the effect of constant association with those who speak incorrectly, nor will the most assiduous exhortation against frivolity avail any thing against the general tone of frivolous society.—

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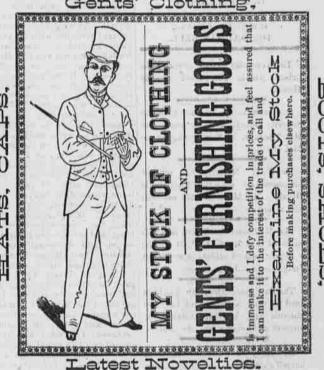
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